

Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' TH' YEAR



RAPTURE

Withered leaves are dancing,
With the breezes prancing,
Harvest mowers are sailing,
With their stores begetting
Zephyrs swift are chaffing,
With the brooklets laughing,
Autumn's stars are beaming
Through the crisp night gleaming,
Birds are southward winging,
Full of joyous singing,
Hill and vale and river,
In the sunlight quivering,
Thrilling with thanksgiving
Over the joy of living,
Guess I'll try to capture
Some of all this rapture,
Nature must prepare it,
For mankind to share it!

WOMEN WHO WIN IN TRADE

By Isabel Stephens.

Amy Mall Hicks, Interior Decorator.

HAVE you the gift of home making? Have you the knack which transforms the bare box flat or the barn-like house into an artistic haven of rest and comfort? Then you are indeed fortunate, for you possess a much sought after talent which will bring you surely into the class of successful women, if you will do your part in cultivating it in the proper way.

Nowadays few housewives are content to submit unquestioningly to the furnishings firms which supply household goods at so much per room. They have risen in crusade against the colorless and dreary atmosphere of such decorations. Even if they are not of an artistic temperament, they feel the difference and lack of harmony between their home and that of the woman who possesses the gift of expressing the individuality of her family in the home. To supply the demand a growing number of women are busily employed and receive splendid remuneration. An interior decorator receives 33 1/2 per cent of the value of the furnishings supplied in furnishing a home, and when she receives the contract for even one beautiful residence, she receives a small fortune.

Miss Amy Mall Hicks is one of the best known interior decorators of the East and has been employed in the work for many years. Lately her other day to give her views on the training required for this work, and also to tell how she reached her present standard as an expert.

"I was born on Brooklyn Heights and studied drawing and art from a very early age," she said. "When I was quite a young girl some of my friends decided to go over and study in Paris, and my parents consented to let me accompany them."

"Do you consider that your studies in Paris are greatly responsible for your success?" I asked her, for the artists who have studied art in Paris are rarely encouraging to their home-bred competitors. But Miss Hicks is sincere in her opinion and does not surround her work with any unnecessary glamour.

"No, indeed, I do not," she replied. "It is all nonsense to talk about Paris being the only place to study art successfully. It is possible to work just as well here. The only difference is that in Paris every one is working at art; the atmosphere is filled with it. The large cities of America are like gigantic sections of bookshelves. The books on art, commerce, finance or literature each have their own compartment, and the fact that they are all incorporated in one bookcase does not detract from their individual excellence. There are as good teachers in America and as many splendid opportunities for learning art in all its branches as there are anywhere in the world."

"I continued to study drawing and design in Paris, and when I returned home it was necessary for me to get out and work at once. So I took the first thing that offered. Nothing is accidental in this world, and it is only waste of time to sit down and dream about what you would like to do. If you promptly do the first thing that comes to hand you will find out that it came to you with a purpose."

"My first position was designing and working at architectural metal. This proved to be a wonderful training to me. It was a very busy concern and there was no time for idling or procrastination. We had to get our work out at once, and if it was not right it was returned to us. Our work embraced all kinds of design for lamps, grill work and everything you could imagine of ornamental decoration. It is easy enough to be usual. The difficult thing is to make commonplace things attractive."

"The woman who wants to take up interior decorating must not imagine for a moment that it is easy work. It is very hard work, and there is a great deal of drudgery before the expert stage is reached. If she wants to make a big plunge in the world of success she will have ample opportunity if she can deliver the goods."

"The quickest way to success is to specialize in some branch. As Emerson says, 'If you make good mousetraps men will war out a path to your door.' There are two schools of interior decoration—architectural and ornamental. The successful decorator must be able to adapt herself to the individuality of her employer. There are technical limitations of which she must be very sure, and she must be able to convince the owner of the house that certain things must be. It requires infinite tact sometimes, and she must be well able to repress her feelings while getting on with this."

"When I first started on this work I often met women who hugged the old order of their houses, even though they wanted the metamorphosis which they could not understand. Some people's houses are simple museums of art. They contain beautiful things which can be arranged to make a magnificent home, but they have to be distributed with a perfect sense of arrangement of the colors and values. The totality of the room throughout the house must be observed. There is rhythm in the scheme of rooms, just as there is in a composition of music. When I met a woman who said, 'I remind her of the work for which she engaged me as an expert, and as a rule everybody wants to get his money's worth.' Miss Hicks finished with a smile."

"What special training should the would-be designer have?" I asked. "She must go to school and study design and drawing, so that she will be able to make draftings of interiors. Then she should enter an interior decorator's office. She will have to begin right at the very bottom of the ladder, as buyer or errand boy. There is no royal road to success. It is a threadbare aphorism that applies very aptly to this business. She must not consider herself too high and mighty to do the most menial part of the work. Whatever they ask her to do she must just knuckle down and make the best of it. She will learn perfectly each step, and if she does her best and has the necessary talent she will one day find herself at the top."



A Smart Walking Suit of Cheviot.

MENU

BREAKFAST
Orange Juice in Cups Cereal
Fried Smelts with Lemon Sauce
Buttered Toast Coffee
LUNCHEON
Curried Eggs Potato Puffs
Plain Salad Tea
Sponge Cake
DINNER
Cream of Celery Soup
Baked Salmon Trout with Cream Gravy
Baked Stuffed Potatoes
Scalloped Tomatoes
Apple Pie Cress Salad Coffee

Curried Eggs.
Boil seven eggs hard and throw into cold water to loosen the shells. Remove these without tearing or breaking the eggs, and cut into slices, rather thick. Pour into a saucepan a cupful of stock or gravy from which the fat has been removed. Season with pepper, salt, a little onion slice and bring to a boil. Add a half cup of strained tomato sauce, two tablespoons of browned flour and a teaspoonful of curry powder. Simmer together for three minutes. Arrange the egg-slices upon a chafin or hot-water dish. Pour the curry sauce over them, set in the hot oven for three or four minutes, covered, and send to the table. Well heated, should be served with this dish.

A REMINDER

of the prices of \$10, \$25, \$35 and \$50, each, which will be awarded, in the order of their merit, for the best suggestion-letters.

Girls' Party Dresses.

Net is lovely. Sheer lace is good. Soft silks are liked. Silks are plain and figured. Rosettes are likely to finish. Even fur trimmings small dresses. Felt effects are general on bodices. A chemise effect finishes the front. Sleeves range from next to nothing to the quarter. The edge of lace may figure at the foot of the skirt. A band of silk or velvet is put under the edge of some skirts.

Giving the Children Medicine.
Place the point of the spoon containing the medicine against the roof of the mouth. Administered in this way it will be impossible for the child to choke or eject the medicine.

For Nuchleed.

To stop nosebleed sit upright, bathe the neck and face with cold water and snuff up the nostrils water in which a little alum has been dissolved.

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.



Small-Chee-Nu of Canton
On the China-Sea,
Wears her little pigtails
Very curiously.

People are far wiser now
In the Sunrise Land,
And they wont bind Chee-Nu's feet
So she cannot stand.

Elizabeth Kirkman

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR MCUTCHEON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
HURRYING back to New York in a motor alone, after having identified a body found in a roomhouse as that of her husband, Mrs. Wrangell overtook a woman in the road whose appearance aroused her suspicion of a woman who had accompanied her husband the night before and had mysteriously disappeared.

Mrs. Wrangell caught her breath. Her heart began to beat once more. "Who are you? What do you want?" she cried out, without knowing what she said.

The girl started. She had not expected to hear the voice of a woman. She staggered to the side of the road, out of the line of light.

"I beg your pardon," she cried. "It was like a wail of disappointment. I am sorry to have stopped you."

"Come here," commanded the other, still staring.

The unsteady figure advanced. Halting beside the car, she leaned across the spare tires and gazed into the eyes of the driver. Their faces were not more than a foot apart, their eyes were narrowed in tense scrutiny.

"What do you want?" repeated Mrs. Wrangell, her voice hoarse and tremulous.

"I am looking for an inn. It must be nearby, I do."

"An inn?" with a start. "I do not recall the name. It is not far from a village, in the hills."

"Do you mean Burton's?"

"Yes. That's it. Can you direct me?" The voice of the girl was faint; she seemed about to faint.

"It is six or eight miles from here," said Mrs. Wrangell, still looking in wonder at the miserable night.

The girl's head sank; a mean of despair came through her lips, ending in a sob.

"So far as that?" she murmured. Then she drew herself up with a fine show of resolution. "But I must not stop here. Thank you."

"Wait!" cried the other. The girl turned to her once more. "Is it a matter of life or death?"

There was a long silence. "Yes, I must find my way there. It is—death."

Sara Wrangell laid her heavily gloved hand on the slim fingers that touched the tire.

"Listen to me," she said, a thrill note of resolve ringing in her voice. "I am going to New York. Won't you let me take you with me?"

The girl drew back, wonder and apprehension struggling for the mastery of her eyes.

"But I am bound the other way. To the inn. I must go on."

"Come with me," said Sara Wrangell firmly. "You must not go back there. I know what has happened there. Come! I will take care of you. You must not go to the inn."

"You know?" faltered the girl.

"Yes. You poor thing! There was indeed pity in her voice."

The girl laid her head on her arms. Mrs. Wrangell sat above her, looking down, held mute by warring emotions. The impossible had come to pass. The girl, for whom the whole world would be searching in a day or two, had stepped out of the unknown, and by the most whimsical sort of fate, into the custody of the one person most likely to be of use to her.

It was unbelievable. She wondered if it were not a dream, or the hallucination of an overwrought mind. Spurred by the sudden doubt as to the reality of the object before her, she stretched out her hand and touched the girl's shoulder.

Instantly she looked up. Her fingers sought the friendly hand and clasped it tightly.

"If you will only take me to the city with you, I will save my life. The chance," she cried hoarsely. "I don't know what impulse was driving me back there. I only know I could not help myself. You really mean it? You will take me with you?"

"Yes. Don't be afraid. Come! Get in," said the woman in the car rapidly.

"You are real?"

The girl laid her head on the strange question. She was hurrying around to the opposite side of the car. As she crossed before the lamps, Mrs. Wrangell noticed with dulled interest that her garments were covered with mud; her small, comely hat was in sad disorder; loose wisps of hair fluttered with the unsightly veil. Her hands, she recalled, were clad in thin, suede gloves. She would be half-frozen. She had been out in all this terrible weather—perhaps since the hour of her flight from the inn.

The old feeling of pity grew stronger within her. She made no effort to analyze it, nor to account for it. Why should she pity the slayer of her husband? It was a question she asked, unconsidered. Afterwards she was to recall this hour and its strange impulses, and to realize that it was not pity, but mercy that moved her to do the extraordinary thing that followed.

Trembling all over, her teeth chattering, her breath coming in short little moans, the girl struggled up beside her and fell back in the seat. Without a word, Sara Wrangell drew the great buffalo robe over her and tucked it in about her feet and legs and far up about her body, which had slumped down in the seat.

"You are very, very good," chattered the girl, almost inaudibly. "I shall never forget—"

She did not complete the sentence, but sat up, might and fixed her gaze on her companion's face. "You—you are not doing this just to turn me over to the police? They must be searching for me. You are not going to give me up to them, are you? There will be a reward!"

"There is no reward," said Sara Wrangell sharply. "I do not mean to give you up. I am simply giving you a chance to get away. I have always felt sorry for the fox when the time for the kill drew near. That's the way I feel."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you! But what am I saying? Why should I permit you to do this for me? I meant to go back there and have it over with. I know I can't escape. It will have to come. It is bound to come. Why put it off? Let them take me, let them do what they will with me. I—"

"Tush! We'll see. First of all, understand me—I shall not turn you over to the police. I will give you the chance. I will help you. I can do no more than that."

"But why should you help me? I—oh, I can't let you do it! You do not understand. I—have—committed—"

a—terrible—" she broke off with a groan.

"I understand," said the other, something like grimness in her level tones. "I have been tempted more than once myself. The emphatic remark made no impression on the listener."

"I wonder how long ago it was that it all happened," muttered the girl as if to herself. "It seems ages—oh, such ages!"

"Where have you been hiding since last night?" asked Mrs. Wrangell, throwing in the clutch. The car started forward with a jerk, kicking up the snow behind it.

"Was it only last night? Oh, I've been—"

The thought of her sufferings from exposure and dread was too much for the wretched creature. She broke out in a soft wail.

"You've been out in all this weather?" demanded the other.

"Lost my way. In the hills back there. I don't know where I was."

"Had you no place of shelter?"

"Where could I seek shelter? I spent the day in the cellar of a deserted house. He didn't know I was there. I have had no food."

"Why did you kill that man?"

"There was nothing left for me to do but that."

"And why did you rob him?"

"Ah, I had ample time to think of all that. You may tell the officers that I will find everything hidden in that farmhouse cellar. God knows I did not want them. I am not a thief. I'm not so bad as that."

Mrs. Wrangell marvelled. "Not so bad as that?" And she was a murderer, a wanton!

"You are hungry? You must be famished."

"No, I am not hungry. I have not thought of food." She said it in such a way that the other knew what her whole mind had been given over to since the night before.

A fresh impulse seized her. "You shall have food and a place where you can sleep—and rest," she said. "Now please do not say a single word. I do not want to know too much. The less you say to-night, the better for—"

both of us."

With that she devoted all of her attention to the car, increasing the speed considerably. For a while she could see twinkling, will-o'-the-wisp lights, the first signs of thickly populated districts. They were still eight or ten miles from the outskirts of the city, and the way was arduous.

She was conscious of a sudden feeling of fatigue. The chill of the night seemed to have made itself felt with abruptness, almost stifling force. She wondered if she could keep her strength, her courage—her nerves.

The girl was English. Mrs. Wrangell was convinced of the fact almost immediately. Unmistakably, and apparently of the cultivated type. In fact, the peculiarities of speech that determined the London show-girl or smart-but character were wholly lacking. Her voice, her manner, even under such trying conditions, were characteristic of the English woman of cultivation. Despite the dreadful strain under which she labored, there were evidences of that curious serenity which marks the English woman of the better classes—an inborn composure, a calm orderedness of the emotions.

Wrangell was conscious of a sense of surprise, of a wonder that increased as her thoughts resolved themselves into something less chaotic than they were at the time of contact with this visible creature.

For a mile or more, she sent the car along with reckless disregard for comfort or safety. Her hand, as she groped for something tangible in the way of intentions. What was she to do with this creature? What was to become of her? At what street corner should she turn her back? The idea of leaving her over to the police did not enter her thoughts for an instant. Somehow she felt that the girl was a stranger to the city, and she could not explain the feeling, yet it was with her and very persistent. Of course, there was a home of some sort, or lodgings, or friends, but would the girl dare show herself in familiar haunts?

She had said to the sheriff that she hoped the slayer of her husband would never be caught. She recalled her words, and she remembered how sincere she had been in uttering them. But she had not figured on herself as an instrument in furthering the hope to the point of actual realization.

What could be more incongruous, more theatre—yes, more bizarre, than her attitude at this moment? It seemed impossible that this shrinking, inert heap at her side was a living thing; a woman who had slain a fellow creature, and that creature the man who had been her husband for six years.

It seemed utterly beyond sense or reason that she should be helping this murderer to escape, that she should be showing her the slightest sign of mercy. And yet, it was all true. She was helping her, she was befriending her.

She found herself wondering why the poor wretch had not made way with herself. Escape seemed out of the question. That must have been clear to her from the beginning, else why was she going back there to give herself up? What better way out of it all than self-destruction? Sara Wrangell reached a sudden conclusion. She would advise the girl to leave the car when they reached the centre of a certain bridge that spanned the river. Even as she thought of it, in her mind, she experienced a great sense of awe, so overwhelming that she cried out with the horror of it. She turned her head, a quick glance at the mute, wretched face, showing white above the robe, and her heart ached with sudden pity for her. The thought of that slender, alive thing going down to the icy waters—her soul turned sick with the dread of it!

In that instant Sara Wrangell—no philanthropist, no sentimentalist—made up her mind to give this erring one more than an even chance for salvation. She would see her safely across that bridge and many others. God had directed the footsteps of this girl so that she should find a way with the one best qualified to pass judgment on her. It was in that person's power to save her or destroy her. The commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," took on a broader meaning as she considered the power that was hers—the power to kill.

(To Be Continued.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Wood ashes is an excellent thing to clean kitchen utensils. Dampen a cloth, dip it in the ashes and scour the pans and kettles.

When taking the scissors are used, a strip and the blunt notch is quickly ascertained, a quick cut and the strip falls into place on the taking the.

Nothing will clean and sweeten a sink better than a strong solution of washing soda, and the refrigerator likewise should frequently be washed with this.

Rubber bands are inexpensive and are of great use in preparing lunches to fasten the waxed paper around sandwiches, cakes, fruit, etc.

The combination of potatoes with other vegetables to form a salad offers infinite variety and a chance to utilize small amounts of vegetables.

A safe laxative for children is two soaked figs that have remained in a little water overnight. These are eaten in the morning before breakfast.

Favorite Recipes of Distinguished Women

By MRS. DENVER S. CHURCH,

Wife of Representative Church, of California.

WILD GAME is generally best when cooked in the simplest manner. Far back from civilization, where modern facilities are impossible, in the heart of the woods and on the summit of the mountains, thousands of feet above the sea is the place where wild game, deer and elk, mountain quail and mountain trout, look most inviting and taste most sweet. In such places gas ranges are impossible.



Venison.

Under such circumstances, with venison to cook, gather the wood in small sticks as near the mountain stream as possible and build an open fire. Cut the venison steaks, always cutting across the grain. Fry out some grease from the side of bacon that hangs against the tree and when the frying pan is smoking hot drop in the venison, piece by piece. When it is ready to turn, salt and pepper, and when it is done add a little more to make it well seasoned.

But if you are to serve the game in a city home, rub a saddle of venison lightly with butter, shake a little flour over it, place in a hot oven, with pepper, salt and a little nutmeg, just like any other roast. Allow it to bake an hour and a half if you wish it well done. Remove the roast from the pan to a very hot platter and when ready to serve garnish with parsley and thinly sliced lemon.

For the sauce put a cup of water into the bake pan, thicken with a little flour, season with salt, pepper and a little cinnamon, strain, add a cup of cooking sherry and serve hot.